

*Roll*  
by  
Joe Zarrow

PERFORMANCE DRAFT

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jzarrow@gmail.com  
joezarrow.com

JADE Female, mid 20s. White.

KRISTIN Female, mid 20s. White. More together than Jade.

*one day I am going to grow wings  
a chemical reaction  
hysterical and useless*

- Radiohead, "Let Down"

SCENE 1: CHAT ROOM

(Lights up. JADE is alone. A long beat.)

KRISTIN

(Entering.)

Kristin entered the chat.

JADE

Well met!

KRISTIN

Well met.

JADE

We're the first ones. Dorvar better not flake.

KRISTIN

Steve told me he wasn't coming.

JADE

Dorvar.

KRISTIN

Dorvar told me he wasn't coming.

JADE

Typical.

KRISTIN

His shifts got switched to Saturdays. Jade, we've been talking.

JADE

Dungeon Master Jade.

KRISTIN

Dungeon Master Jade, we've been talking. First I talked to Steve.

JADE

Dorvar.

KRISTIN

Dorvar. I also met with HawkWing and. What was Lauren's character's name?

JADE

Lady Omicron.

KRISTIN

And Lady Omicron. We've all been talking.

JADE

Without me?

KRISTIN

We've had so much fun playing Dungeons and Dragons with you, but it seems like a lot of us are moving on, and scheduling is getting more and more difficult. Maybe we should call it a day smiley face.

JADE

I can adjust my work schedule if you want to meet during the day, but Lady Omicron works a solid nine to five.

KRISTIN

Maybe it's time to acknowledge that we all have a lot going on and having a weekly DnD group is no longer realistic. When's the last time all five of us got together?

JADE

September fifteenth.

KRISTIN

You must have seen this coming.

(Beat.)

JADE

(Exiting.)

Jade left the chat.

(Beat. KRISTIN groans. That did not go well. She is about to log off when...)

JADE

(Entering.)

Jade entered the chat.

KRISTIN

We're all sorry you didn't get to finish your Dungeons and Dragons campaign.

JADE

You have no idea. I've been planning combat encounters, painting minis, plotting the whole campaign arc.

KRISTIN

You're not the only one who keeps this group going. Who organized everybody? Who sent out emails and made the pizza schedule?

JADE

I *could* have done all that.

KRISTIN

You didn't.

JADE

Congratulations, you made a google spreadsheet. I made something beautiful. If it weren't for my devotion to fantasy worldbuilding, you would have no logistics to get pissed off about.

KRISTIN

Nobody's denying that.

JADE

You're denying it! You're saying it's no big deal. You're saying that I just have to suck it up and start over with a new party.

KRISTIN

You can do whatever you want, but we're burnt out.

JADE

You owe me.

KRISTIN

I just want to be friends.

JADE

We're friends!

KRISTIN

No. Friends say, "hey, let's do friendship things," and they get a drink or maybe, if they're feeling ambitious, brunch. Friends don't make friends audit their spell lists and upgrade their character sheets and use math.

JADE

Basic arithmetic.

KRISTIN

I don't think math is what gets people excited about hanging out.

JADE

Here's some math: according to Reddit, five out of six homebrew d20 dungeon masters are male. Something like twelve out of thirteen are white.

KRISTIN

We were all white.

JADE

We're allies! This is about more than hanging out and killing imaginary goblins, it's about putting an end to all the bad things in the world, all the different forms of oppression. One day, we are going to build a more inclusive vision for the role playing game arts.

KRISTIN

I can't make Steve and Mitchell and Lauren care.

JADE

Dorvar and HawkWing and Lady Omicron.

KRISTIN

I can't make them care. They're fed up with your email harangues. My personal life is a shambles. I spend way

too much time on this. I'm as ready to quit as they are, but be friendly to me, because I'm the one still talking to you.

(Beat.)

If you want to get brunch this weekend, it's my treat.

JADE

One more session.

KRISTIN

The others aren't going to do it.

JADE

Just you and me then. A duet session. Please just let me finish what I planned, wrap up some plot threads. Please give me that? I'll *make* brunch. We'd have to wait in line at a restaurant anyway, right? And if you give me one more session, that's it. You can delete all our google spreadsheets.

(Beat.)

KRISTIN

Two hours max.

JADE

Well met.

SCENE 2: TABLETOP

(TRANSITION. Jade's apartment. JADE lights candles -- battery operated electric candles -- and sets them around a music stand tilted flat like a table. She sets up some vividly painted miniatures, taken from their painstakingly-organized individual cells inside her expanding dungeon master tacklebox.)

(KRISTIN enters.)

KRISTIN

What happened to your table and chairs?

JADE

Well met!

KRISTIN

Hi. Well met.

JADE

Too crowded in here. Sold 'em on Craigslist. You've got your mini?

KRISTIN

Yup. Here's Kalamica.

(KRISTIN reaches into her pocket and pulls out a tiny plastic mini of her character. It is plain white. The mini's weapon is bent, and she tries to straighten it. She sets it on the music stand. )

Bent my war hammer. Sorry.

JADE

Never got around to painting her?

KRISTIN

What did you make for brunch?

(Beat.)

JADE

Wanna order pizza?

KRISTIN

Let's just play.

JADE

Great. When we last left our party you had made it to the third basement of the dungeon of the Demonic Insectoid Sex Trafficker Wizard.

KRISTIN

Yup.

JADE

(As JADE narrates all this, she knocks over the miniature figures one by one.) Suddenly, there is a blinding flash of light. The floor collapses underneath you. When your eyes readjust, you

see the mangled bodies of your companions Dorvar, HawkWing, and Lady Omicron buried in the rubble, smashed, limbs twitching.

(Beat.)

What do you do?

KRISTIN

(Referencing her character sheet.)

Can I cast a healing spell?

JADE

You cast them last session and forgot to mark it on your character sheet.

KRISTIN

Umm...I have a potion of cure light wounds.

JADE

They can't drink potions. All dead.

(She sweeps them off the music stand into the her hand, then places them in their tacklebox cells.)

KRISTIN

So it's just me.

JADE

Your comrades were too weak to go on with the mission they had committed to, and been sent numerous emails about. But lo, you, the lone courageous visionary, must go on without them.

KRISTIN

I get it. I look around the room for exits.

JADE

No exits.

KRISTIN

Can I check for trap doors?

JADE

Too much rubble on the ground.

KRISTIN

I start clearing the rubble.



JADE

Too heavy.

(KRISTIN sighs exasperatedly.)

I'm creating a mood here. Roll with me.

KRISTIN

Rolling.

(JADE goes to grab something from her tacklebox. Hesitates.)

JADE

Before we do this, please remember that I'm trying to condense a multimonth story arc intended for a four-player party into a single duet session.

KRISTIN

Understood. No judgment.

(JADE goes into her tacklebox and takes out a BRICK -- as in, the sort of red clay brick you'd use to build a house. It has an evil-looking frowny face painted on it. She plops it down on the music stand which almost falls over. Beat.)

JADE

Behold! The Monolith of Oppression.

KRISTIN

Hello.

JADE

A trembling unspeakable monolith of red stone arises from the netherworld and crashes into the dungeon with you. Roll for initiative.

KRISTIN

(Rolls a 20-sided die.)

Nineteen plus my initiative modifier is --

JADE

Not good enough! The Monolith of Oppression. The Monolith speaks.

(JADE speaks in the monolith's voice. It's a scary voice, which I've indicated

by using all caps. Don't feel like you always have to scream or be loud.)  
WELL, KALAMICA. YOU MAY HAVE MADE IT TO THE DEEPEST LEVEL OF THE DUNGEON, BUT THIS WILL BE YOUR DOOM!

KRISTIN

Okay.

JADE

Not your turn. KALAMICA, YOUR MEAGRE EFFORTS AT CREATING GOOD IN THE UNIVERSE THROUGH ART, WHETHER PAINTING OR THEATRE OR DUNGEON MASTERY, WILL ALL COME TO NAUGHT. YOU COULD HAVE FOUGHT US OFF ONE BY ONE, BUT NO! IN THE FACE OF WORLDWIDE OPPRESSION, EVEN CREATIVE ENERGY SUCH AS YOURS IS TOTALLY FUCKED.

(At this point, the Monolith goes on to list all the stressful, controversial things in the world that JADE can think of. It starts out slowly and in the voice of the monolith, but as it progresses, it becomes less and less monolith and more and more JADE.)

WHO ARE YOU AGAINST PATRIARCHY, RACISM, AGEISM, ABLISM, CLASSISM, CAPITALISM, OBAMA TRUTHERISM, BOKO HARAM, ISIS, DICK CHENEY, TED CRUZ, MARCO RUBIO, BRANGELINA, KARDASHIAN, ANTHONY WEINER, ANTIVAXXERS, MEASLES, EBOLA, CLIMATE CHANGE, POLAR VORTEX, REDDIT, ANONYMOUS, FOURCHAN, VLADIMIR PUTIN, UKRAINE, SYRIA, SUDAN, CHERNOBYL, FRACKING, PEAK OIL, MORTGAGE-BACKED SECURITIES, GOLDMAN SACHS, HOUSING CRISIS, WAL-MART, WORKING POOR, FOOD DESERTS, HIGH FRUCTOSE CORN SYRUP, METHAMPHETAMINES, COCAINE, HEROIN, BATH SALTS, PARTIAL BIRTH ABORTION BANS, TRANS-VAGINAL ULTRASOUNDS, MICROAGGRESSIONS, RAPE CULTURE, GAMERGATE, RAHM EMMANUEL, POTHOLES, DARREN WILSON, GEORGE ZIMMERMAN, SCHOOL SHOOTINGS, GUN SHOWS, RIOT GEAR, TEAR GAS, BREATHING, PEPPER SPRAY, CPD, INS, CIA, FBI, USPS, ANGER, CHOKING, CHOKING, CHOKING.

(Either KRISTIN stops JADE or JADE stops herself. JADE collapses into KRISTIN's arms. KRISTIN embraces her and comforts her.)

Please don't go. Please. This is all I have. There's nothing else in the world worth -- I play these stupid games and it's worthless and so disappointing and I don't know what else to do--

KRISTIN

(Comforts her.)

Shhhhh. It's not worthless. There are good things in  
the world, Jade. There are good things.

BLACKOUT.